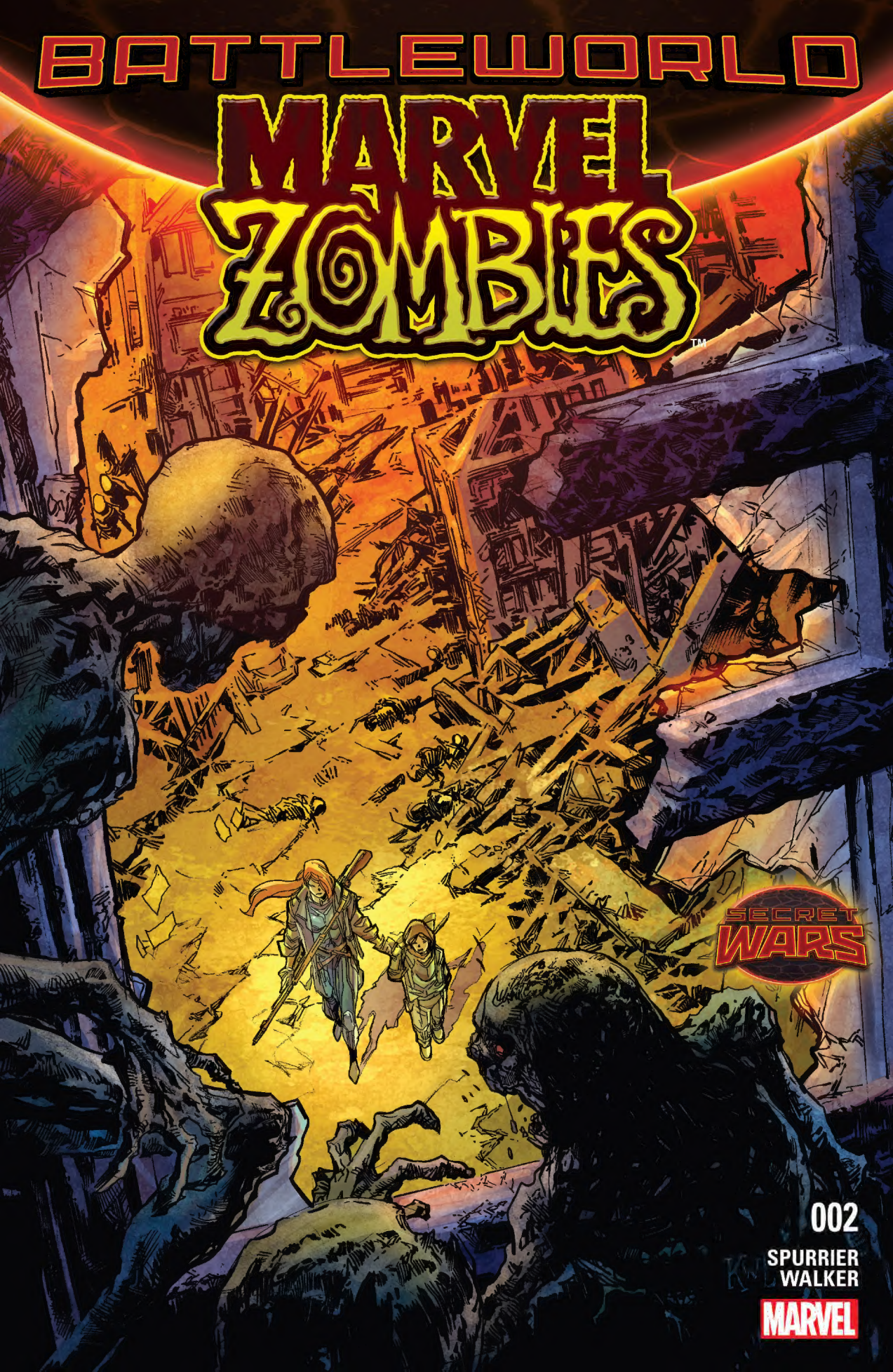
BATTLEWORLD
MARVEL ZOMBIES
SECRET WARS
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SPURRIER
WALKER
MARVEL

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SECRET WARS

THE MULTIVERSE WAS DESTROYED!

•

NOW, ALL THAT REMAINS...IS BATTLEWORLD:

A MASSIVE, PATCHWORK PLANET COMPOSED OF THE FRAGMENTS OF WORLDS THAT NO LONGER EXIST, MAINTAINED BY THE IRON WILL OF ITS GOD AND MASTER, VICTOR VON DOOM!

•

FEW DOMAINS ARE MORE DANGEROUS THAN THE DEADLANDS, WHERE THE SOLDIERS OF THE SHIELD HOLD OFF A HORDE OF ZOMBIES.

•

TELEPORTED DEEP INTO THE DEADLANDS BY A ROGUE ZOMBIE, SHIELD SECTION COMMANDER ELSA BLOODSTONE FOUND A MYSTERIOUS CHILD WHO DREDGED UP PAINFUL MEMORIES OF HER FATHER, ULYSSES BLOODSTONE...

MARVEL ZOMBIES

◆ JOURNEY INTO MISERY: EPISODE 2 ◆

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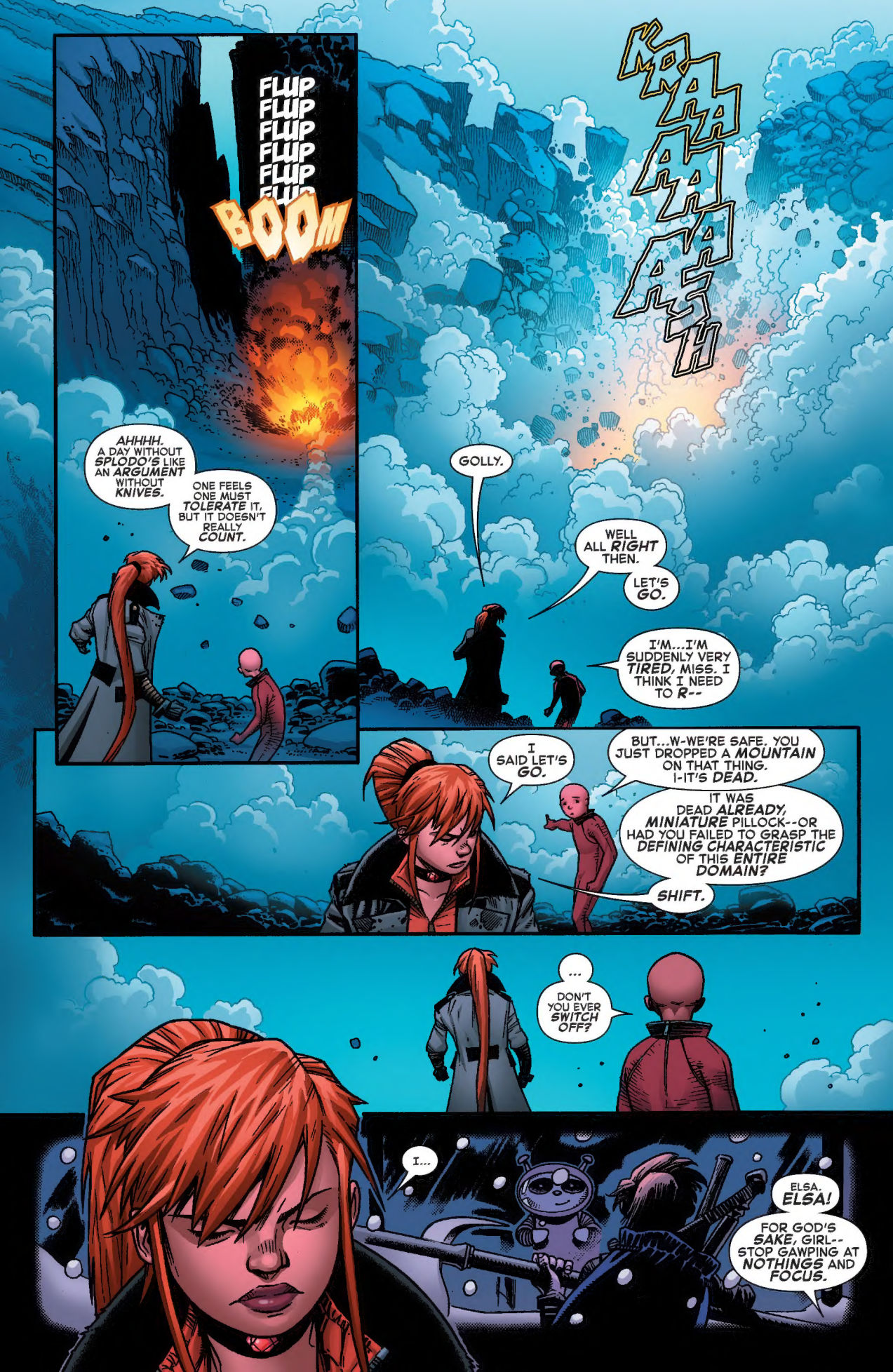
IT'S JUST THIS...WEIRD FEELING.
OW OW OW OW
DAMN. THE LEVITATION TECH'S USELESS. I THINK CAPTAIN BOLLOCKHEAD HERE'S MELTED INTO HIS OWN ELECTRICS.
M-MORIBUND... ORGANISM... D-DESIGNED ONLY F...FOR CANNIBALISM...
I'M SERIOUS. I THINK WE'RE BEING FOLLOWED.

IS THIS SIMILAR TO YOUR "WEIRD FEELING" YESTERDAY THAT I'D ENJOY YOUR SINGING? BECAUSE LOOK WHERE THAT GOT US.
I HAVE A SECOND SOCK, BY THE WAY. I CAN MAKE ANOTHER GAG IN A JIFFY.
LETGO LETGO CADAVERS AREN'T CONSENT OW OW THAT'S SSSENSITIVE
WHAT IF IT WAS MORE THAN JUST A FEELING?
LISTEN HERE, TINY CONTRARIAN: WE'RE TWO-HUNDRED MILES FROM HOME, GOING THE WRONG WAY TOWARDS %#&$-ALL.
ALL THAT'S OUT HERE IS ROTTERS AND THEY DON'T DO RATIONAL THOUGHT. THERE IS NOBODY FOLLOWING US.
NOBODY FOLLOWING. GOT IT.
EXCEPT FOR THAT GUY DOWN THERE.
OOOH... SOME OF THESE WEAPONS ARE STILL ACTIVE...
...
AW, I THINK HE'S SMILING.
I BET HE'S FRIENDLY.
WE SHOULD ASK HIM WHAT HE WANTS.

GOOD IDEA. WE'D BEST GET SOME TEA BREWING.
WHAT D'YOU SUGGEST? ASSAM? DARJEELING? I'M IFFY ON THE PROTOCOL WHEN IT COMES TO HOSTING ONE'S OWN OBSCENE NECROMANTIC STALKER.
YOU'RE... YOU'RE DOING THE DON'T-MEANT-IT THING AGAIN, AREN'T YOU?
THE DIVINE SARCASM, DEAR. THE CLUE WAS THE BIT WHEN MY LIPS MOVED.
WARHEADS ARE PRIMED. URGH THIS LITTLE TROLL'S CLINGIER THAN A SPANDEX SQUID.
C-CUDDLES CUDDLES ALSO BRAAAAINS
BUT... DON'T YOU EVEN WANT TO KNOW WHO THAT GUY DOWN THERE IS?
WANTING IS THE OPIATE OF THE WEAK.
NO.
ϟHNNϟ NOW SHUT UP AND HELP ME PUSH.
I CAN'T.
I'M NOT THE STRONG ONE.
RRRRRRRRR
HA!
«INITIATE INDIGNITY ALARM»


FLUP
FLUP
FLUP
FLUP
FLUP
BOOM
KRAAA

I...I JUST WANTED A LOO--
HOW MANY TIMES? WANTING IS THE OPIATE OF THE WEAK. WONDERING IS THE VANITY OF THOSE WITHOUT A CAUSE.
KEEP UP THE PACE.
BUT... THE TRAIL'S GONE COLD, DADDY.
PFT. A GOOD HUNTER DOESN'T NEED TO TRACK. HE KNOWS WHERE HIS PREY'S HEADED BEFORE IT...B-BEFORE IT EVEN...
=COUGH=
=COUGH=
IT'S A $%£&£$% BAT-DEMON. IT'LL BE IN A £$%&£$% BELFRY.
D-DADDY?
I'M...I'M F... =COUGH=
DADDY, WHAT'S WR--
DON'T YOU DARE HELP ME.

...
I HATE YOU.
...WHAT DID YOU SAY?
SORRY. SORRY, DADDY, I DIDN'T M--
YES, YOU DID.
IT'S THE FIRST IMPRESSIVE THING YOU'VE SAID ALL DAY.
MOVE.
NEVER MAKE ALLOWANCES, ELSA. CONCERN YOURSELF ONLY WITH PROTECTING THE GOOD AND DESTROYING THE VILE.
DO NOT MAKE THE FEEBLE YOUR BURDEN.

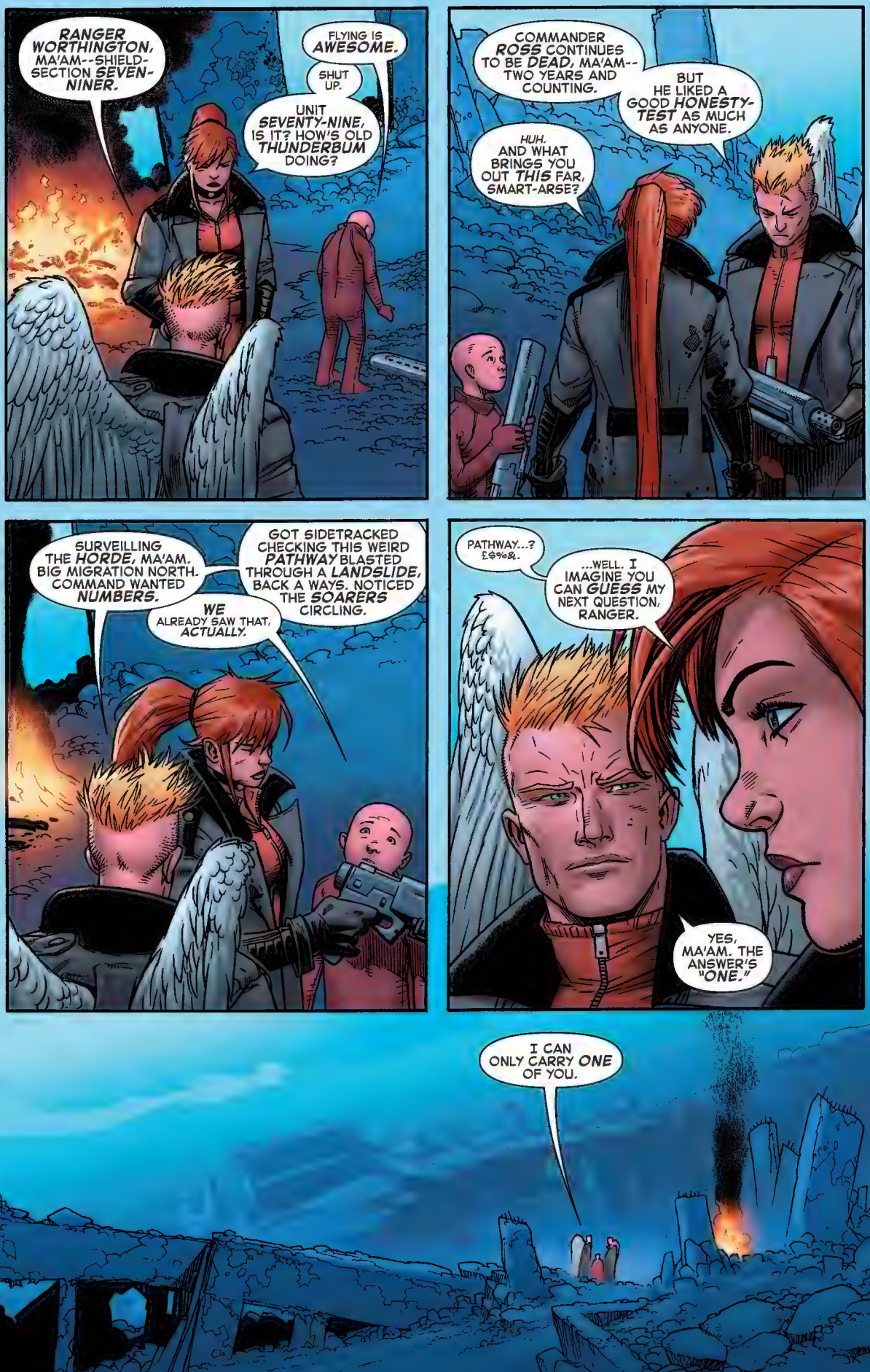
WHEEEEEEEE--!
"TOO TIRED TO WALK," MY FABULOUS ARSE.
LOOK UP LOOK UP YOU'RE MEANT TO BE ON BLOODY WATCH YOU LITTLE TURD I WILL GENUINELY DROP YOU OFF A CLIFF LOOK UP--
EH. THEY'RE STILL THERE.
WEEPING SOARS. THEY'LL WAIT 'TIL WE'RE DELIRIOUS OR DISTRACTED... THEN SWOOP IN LIKE DUDEBROS ON GIN NIGHT.
KEEP THE SAFETY OFF LIKE I SHOWED YOU.

FRONT-SIGHT. REMEMBER THE DROP. NEVER BELOW THE HORIZONTAL OR THE KICK'LL BUGGER YOUR PUNY CHILDISH AIM, AND--
I KNOW, I KNOW! NO WASTED SHOTS, ONLY SIX SHELLS LEFT, BLAH BLAH.
MAAAAN IT MUST BE SO GREAT TO FLY.
HEY, HOW COME THERE ARE TWO OF THEM THE SAME? ARE THEY TWINS?
IT'S THE DUPE EFFECT. IT'S JUST A THING.
YOU SEE IT EVERY DAY ON THE WALL.
SHIELDWALKERS FROM DIFFERENT DOMAINS, ROTTERS BY THE BILLION...NOW AND THEN THERE ARE...COINCIDENCES.
TWO PEOPLE, SAME FORM.
JUST ONE OF THE MANY MYSTERIES SURROUNDING THIS OBNOXIOUS TOILETSPLASH OF A WORLD.
BUT... DON'T YOU EVER WONDER WHY?
...
"WONDERING IS THE VANITY OF THOSE WITHOUT A CAU--"
CRONCH
£$%&.
IF YOU P-PICK IT

IT'LL NEVER HHHEAL
DON'T MOVE. IT'S A CLOTTAGE. WE'RE ON ITS SCABWEB.
IF WE'RE LUCKY IT'S TOO DRIED OUT TO S--
I'LL SHOOT IT! I'LL SHOOT IT!
NO-- DON'T! THE RECOIL WILL--
WAAAA!
BOOM
FWUP
KIDS TODAY. :TT:
NEVER BLOODY LISTEN.
SKROTCH
GRAKK

BOOM
BOOM
OOM
AAAAAA I HATE FLYING AAAA FLYING IS HORRIBLE AAAA
STOP! WASTING! MY LOVELY! BULLETS!
YESSSSSSSS--
THE SSSCAB IS BROKEN--
AH £$%&..
KRUK
FUP
FWOOSH

HOWDY.
Y-YOU...
HEWPH
OH GOD AM I GLAD TO SEE Y--
...
TEN-HUT, SOLDIER!
SIR! SORRY, SIR! AT YOUR COMMAND, SIR!
MA'AM.
SIR.
MA'AM.
BETTER. IDENTIFY YOURSELF.


RANGER WORTHINGTON, MA'AM--SHIELD-SECTION SEVEN-NINER.
FLYING IS AWESOME.
SHUT UP.
UNIT SEVENTY-NINE, IS IT? HOW'S OLD THUNDERBUM DOING?
COMMANDER ROSS CONTINUES TO BE DEAD, MA'AM--TWO YEARS AND COUNTING.
BUT HE LIKED A GOOD HONESTY-TEST AS MUCH AS ANYONE.
HUH. AND WHAT BRINGS YOU OUT THIS FAR, SMART-ARSE?
SURVEILLING THE HORDE, MA'AM. BIG MIGRATION NORTH. COMMAND WANTED NUMBERS.
GOT SIDETRACKED CHECKING THIS WEIRD PATHWAY BLASTED THROUGH A LANDSLIDE, BACK A WAYS. NOTICED THE SOARERS CIRCLING.
WE ALREADY SAW THAT, ACTUALLY.
PATHWAY...? £@%&.
...WELL. I IMAGINE YOU CAN GUESS MY NEXT QUESTION, RANGER.
YES, MA'AM. THE ANSWER'S "ONE."
I CAN ONLY CARRY ONE OF YOU.

I DON'T WANNA! I WANNA STAY HERE! HIS BREATH SMELLS LIKE FART!
YOU, UH... YOU SURE THIS IS ALL RIGHT, MA'AM? THIS KID AIN'T EXACTLY A MILITARY PRIORITY...
ANY GRIEF FROM THE BRASS, YOU TELL THEM THEIR CROTCHES CAN TAKE IT UP WITH MY POINTIEST BOOTS.
WELL... YOU GOT MY TRACKER. I'LL SEND RETRIEVAL QUICK AS I CAN.
I DON'T KNOW THIS MAN HE'S SCARY LET ME WAIT FOR RETRIEVAL WITH YOU PLEASE I DON'T WANNA I DON'T W--
CHILD. WE HAVE TWO BULLETS LEFT.
I SAID I WAS SORRY I SAID I W--
IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT.
ISH.
BUT I CAN'T DEFEND US BOTH. THE SHIELD'S YOUR ONLY CHANCE, OKAY? I'LL... I'LL SEE YOU THERE THE INSTANT I'M BACK.
BUT... BUT... BUT...
I THOUGHT YOU WANTED TO GO EXPLORING WITH ME.
...
"WANTING IS THE OPIATE OF THE W..."
...HH.
SOME OTHER TIME, OKAY?

ARE YOU STILL SULKING?
NO. NO, I...
P-PLEASE DON'T BE CROSS, DADDY, BUT...
I'M WORRIED ABOUT YOU.
YOU SAID YOU WERE A...AN IMMORTER.
"IMMORTAL," IDIOT. ?COUGH?
AND I AM. I'VE OUTLASTED MILLENNIA. I'VE CARVED MY NAME INTO THE ROCK OF MYTH. I AM THE FATED SERVANT OF GOOD AND--
--AND NOW YOU'RE COUGHING BLOOD.
I...I THINK YOU'RE POISONED, DADDY.
A-AND I THINK I KNOW WHAT'S DONE IT.

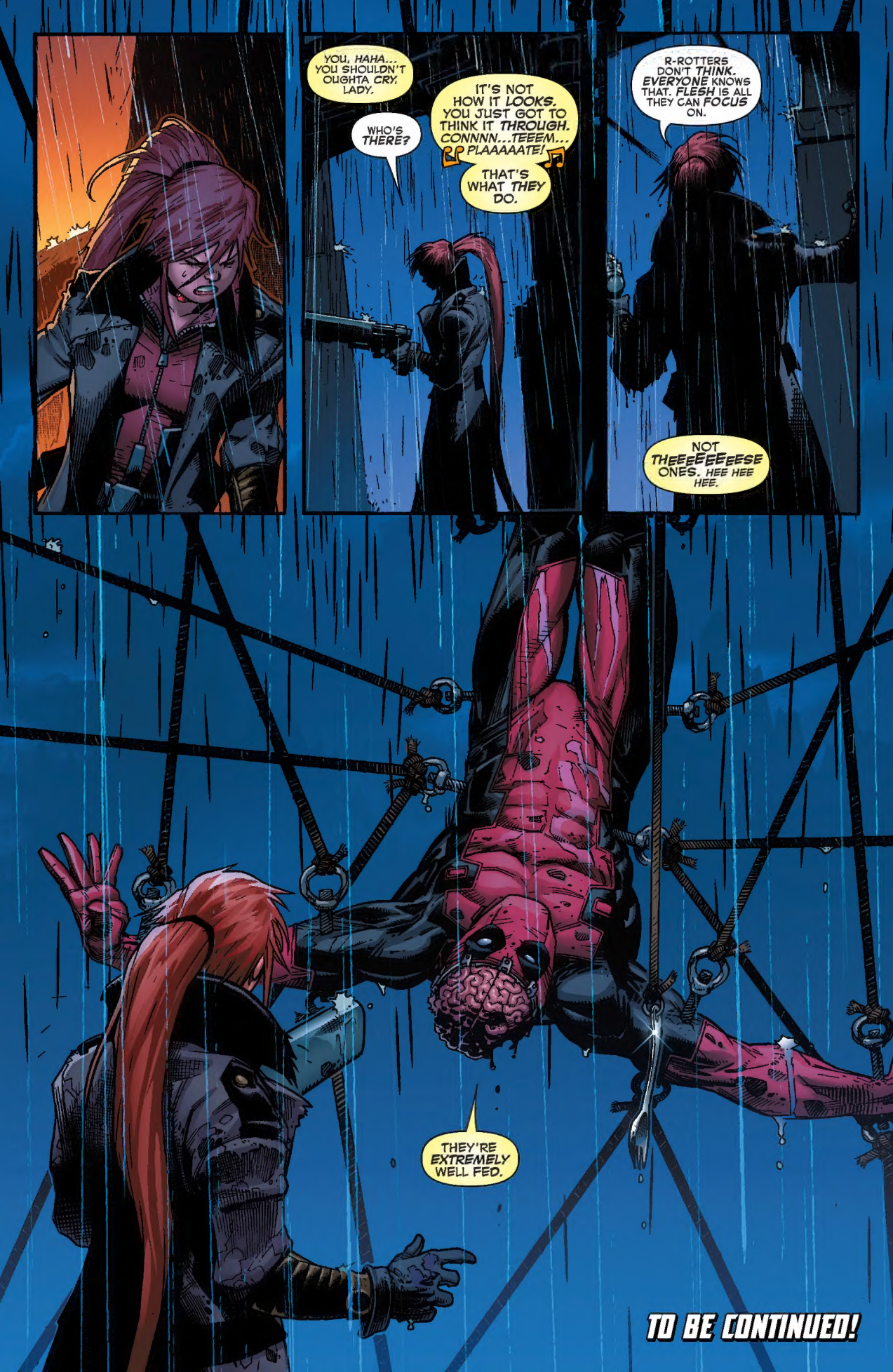
YOU MEAN THIS? THE BLOODSTONE? FOOL. FOOL.
UNDERSTAND, ELSA: THIS WORLD IS A VIPER'S NEST OF...SLYNESS AND FALSEHOOD. IT'S ENOUGH TO EXHAUST A THOUSAND IMMORTALS.
THERE IS SIMPLICITY ONLY IN STRENGTH. AND THIS...?
THIS IS OUR STRENGTH. THIS IS OUR GREATNESS.
THIS IS OUR FATE.
PLOK
"IT'S JUST THIS WEIRD FEELING."

HIGH GROUND... AMBUSH THE BASTARD... OR...
HIDE...?
WAIT FOR THE SHIELD TO SEND SPLENDID BULLETS AND AN EARL GREY RE-UP AND--
...
HUH.
NNNO.
"S-SLYNESS AND FALSEHOOD."
DAMN
DAMN
DAMN
DAMN
#£$%&$#
FLYING SHAPE-SHIFTING £$%&!
WAIT. WAIT. STOP.
SETTLE, PETAL.
THINK.
A GOOD HUNTER DOESN'T NEED TO TRACK. HE KNOWS WHERE HIS PREY'S HEADED...

...
DOUBLED BACK.
THAT...CLEVER... BASTARD...!
CLEVER BLOODY ROTTERS!
THAT IS AGAINST ALL THE RULES OF CIVILIZED NECROMANCY!
HFF.
HFF.
KEEP UP THE PACE.
NEVER MAKE ALLOWANCES, ELSA.
DO NOT MAKE THE FEEBLE YOUR BURDE--
SHUT UP!

MEATSTINK!
MEATSTINK!
MEATMEATMEAT!
RUDE.
I DON'T SEE NOTHING OUT HERE, LADYBOSS.
COULD BE RATS?
CHECK AGAIN. THAT BRIT WITH THE ARTILLERY STANK OF TEA LEAVES AND TROUBLE.
HEH...GULLIBLE LITTLE SNOB ALL BUT BEGGED ME TO TAKE HER FOOD...
BUT YOU CAN NEVER BE TOO CAREFUL WHEN THERE'S WALLHEADS INVOLVED, BOYS. I DON'T WANT ANY INTERRUPTIONS.
THERE'S SOMETHING SPECIAL ABOUT THIS MEAT---

--AND I INTEND TO SAVOR THE TASTE.
IT HURTS IT HUUUURTS


YOU, HAHA... YOU SHOULDN'T OUGHTA CRY, LADY.
WHO'S THERE?
IT'S NOT HOW IT LOOKS. YOU JUST GOT TO THINK IT THROUGH. CONNNN...TEEEM... PLAAAAATE!
THAT'S WHAT THEY DO.
R-ROTTERS DON'T THINK. EVERYONE KNOWS THAT. FLESH IS ALL THEY CAN FOCUS ON.
NOT THEEEEEEEEESE ONES. HEE HEE HEE.
THEY'RE EXTREMELY WELL FED.
TO BE CONTINUED!